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MACMILLAN PRESS

# The show of violence

By Hugh Thomas

WALTER LAQUEUR:  
Terrorism  
277pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson.  
£8.50.

PAUL WILKINSON:  
Terrorism and the Liberal State  
257pp. Macmillan. £7.95 (paperback, £2.95).

We are against terrorism. Why bother to say more? Leftist terror or rightist, the terror of the right in the 1940s or the Palestinian in the 1970s, the bombs of the Narodnaya Volya in 1880 and those of the Utash in the 1930s—they are all the same to us democrats and that is all there is to be said.

This attitude is justifiable: terrorists themselves lump the friends of bourgeois democracy together with fascists between whom they purport to see no difference. Just as the policemen used to consider social democrats, anarchists and communists as birds of the same feather. But of course there are as many different forms of terrorism as there are roads to socialism, and it is obvious that the old-fashioned police chiefs of Tsarist Russia who could not tell a Bolshevik from a social revolutionary served their cause less well than Captain Sleeman served the British army in India when, in the early nineteenth century, he studied "Hindu" guerrilla warfare and its complete destruction (the Thugs were a Hindu sect who strangled their victims with a silk tie as an offering to the goddess Kali).

So it would undoubtedly be a good thing if Walter Laqueur's fine comparative study of the history of terrorism were to read in police stations, airport security rooms, army barracks and above all television producers' offices, up and down the world. His range of references is a good number of languages, his style is clear and his range from novels to sociology, are particularly impressive. Terrorism is also short, witty and readable. As he reminds us, the frailty of human memory (or sheer bad education in schools and in the media) makes it unsurprising that the re-emergence of terrorism in the 1960s and 1970s should have been looked upon as an altogether new phenomenon and that its causes and the ways to deal with it should have been discussed as if nothing like it had ever happened before. Fox, of course, it has: the sicarii, a sect of lower-class zealots, were active in Palestine between AD 66 and 73. They destroyed the house of the High Priest, they burnt the Temple archives. They were fanatically anti-Roman, and their victims were mostly the Jewish peace party. Josephus, like some modern observers of similar organizations, doubted the idealistic motivations of the sicarii but admitted their high religious expectations and their inclination to regard martyrdom as something joyful.

Still, beware of regarding the sicarii as "models" of terrorist behaviour. Professor Laqueur rightly points out that the pursuit of a "model"—a term borrowed by historians with doubtful benefit, at the best of times, from sociology—is a vain quest. Some nineteenth-century Russian terrorists were the sons of well-known revolutionaries, others were children of police spies or high officials in the Tsarist service. Irish revolutionaries have often been of poor birth, most modern German terrorists are of middle-class origin. Durruti, the most famous Spanish anarchist, had a brother who was a fascist. Nechaev, the inspiration for Bakunin, was quite devoid of any moral scruples in his private life, but in that he was unusual among nineteenth-century revolutionaries. Some terrorists, including the German theorist Most, were heavy drinkers, many were abstainers, while the anarchists of Spain had the same hostility to coffee that good Muslims have to wine. All that can be said with any degree of confidence is that terror has been a pursuit of the young, as a rule, though even that rule has its exceptions: the Brazilian theorist of the "armed struggle", Mariátegui, was in his fifties when he began his work.

Leaving aside examples from remote ages, Laqueur argues that terrorism has had three main waves during the past hundred years: the first, which began in Russia and was copied in Europe and the United States in the 1880s and 1890s, was that associated with the anarchist idea of the "propaganda of the deed", a phrase invented by Paul Brousse, who later, Laqueur tells us comfortably, became a deputy in the bourgeois republic which he previously despised, and even wrote to the King of Spain congratulating him on one of his escapes from an anarchist bomb. The second wave was that of the inter-war years when the terrorists were mostly rightist, mainly concentrated in one or two countries which they thought of as the iniquities of the post-war settlement of 1919: from the Nazis to the Macedonian or Ukrainian nationalists, terrorism was then mostly nationalist or separatist, rather than as with the anarchists, millionaires-anarchism being by then largely confined to Spain.

The third wave has been that of the past ten years. Professor Laqueur here distinguishes three more categories: separatist-nationalist terrorism, a new and old acquaintance of the 1930s, though with such organizations as the IRA, the terms "left" and "right" lose significance; Latin American terrorism against authoritarian regimes; and a new form of terrorism in democratic countries which grew out of the failure of the New Left to impose itself after its rise during the Vietnam War. Not completely convincingly, Professor Laqueur argues that the last of these categories was dependent on the second, considering that groups such as the Baader-Meinhof gang and the Japanese Red Army began by thinking that Latin American urban warfare might be effectively copied. In fact, even if such methods had been successful in Latin America itself (Cuba was not an exception to this), for Castro's movement against Batista was primarily a rural campaign and he avoided terror, on the whole. All these three categories of modern terrorism have in the 1970s begun to collaborate, partly probably under the influence of external assistance, directly or indirectly, from Russia.

A fourth category might have been added, that is, those revived right-wing terrorist gangs who in Argentina, Brazil, Italy and mostly Spain have begun to carry the battle into the leftist enemy's territory, in most instances in collaboration with the local police. Perhaps the Ulster Protestant organizations might be included in this group. (Professor Laqueur's neglect of these organizations is the only category left out of his otherwise complete synthesis; but they should not be ignored if only because some such groups on the right have collaborated with the left, even been connected with groups on the left. Thus it is even now not entirely clear whether the GRAPO, a putatively left-wing organization in Spain and responsible for bombs and kidnapping over the past two years, is or is not of the left or of the right.)

There are plainly differences between terrorists of the past and the present waves. The first is that today the most oppressive regimes are now almost entirely free of terrorism (the destruction of a Cuban airliner in mid-air in 1976 by purportedly Cuban allies may be an exception).

Then, the fate of terrorists in the 1880s, when caught was scarcely envious, in contrast to Western European, North American, Japanese, Middle Eastern or Irish terrorists has been executed in the 1970s, though some have been murdered by comrades in inter-gang warfare. (A few, of course, have been shot in the course of fighting, but much of the risk has gone out of terrorism, particularly since there is a good chance that even imprisoned terrorists may be freed by the clever use of blackmail by their comrades.)

Despite this, actual tactics of terrorists have oddly enough changed immeasurably for the worse. The Narodnaya Volya, the French anarchists, the Irish dynamiters

of the past century, as Laqueur reminds us, would never have stooped to kidnap children and threaten to kill them unless ransom was paid; they did not hire assassins to do their dirty work; they would not have given parcels to postmen; and they did not indulge in wholesale slaughter of their own ranks. True, not all contemporary terrorists have made a fetish of brutality: CIA, the Baader-Meinhof gang, for example (with the IRA), have made a point of attacking precise targets, as did the Tupamaros in Uruguay, to begin with. But, in general, a pattern of pathological cruelty has been established, even in (or perhaps peculiarly in) Ireland, of a class which had no parallel in the past century. One can certainly distinguish political from common criminals in this respect: ordinary criminals have rarely used brutality exclusively, terrorists have often made a point of it.

Some other characteristics of the present wave of terrorism were mentioned: first of all, the futility of the media. Terrorism aims at creating shock, and the argument of those who employ it is that the government or the society concerned will either be frightened into giving in or, if not, the government will be overturned or replaced by an authoritarian one which will "polarize" the issues at stake (this last motive has not, in obvious reasons, been put forward by a right-wing terrorist movement). So access to radio, press, television is essential. If 200 people are killed in an obscure Mexican village, nobody in Mexico City will know of it, but if a bomb goes off in the Hilton Hotel, the papers will be full of it. Hence, according to one Latin American revolutionary, he changed from guerrilla to urban terrorism in the 1960s.

On the whole, the media have a great deal to do with the present wave of terrorism. The second point is that the assumption that those who names make the headlines has power, that setting one's name at the front page is a major political achievement. Yet how many television producers or newspaper editors have really considered the fact that the terrorist act by itself is next to nothing, publicity is everything?

It is not only the press and television that play into the hands of the enemy's hands when they talk of "terrorist organizations" as if they were regular armies, or the leaders as if they had million ranks, their actions as if they had the force of law (RECURVED I run, recent London evening paper headline after a terrorist murder), when the Pope recently offered his self in exchange for the hostages in the hijacked Lufthansa aeroplane, he was proclaiming the Catholic Church to be a more brimful power than that seen nowhere in the Vatican able to tell His Holiness that the real danger facing the world is that of being ignored?

The second difference between the terrorism of the present and the nineteenth century is that it is evidently not only confined as it was by sovereign states. The Mussolini and Hitler assisted right-wing organizations in the 1930s, and the use of North Korea, Cuba, the Yemen, Libya and Algeria, the connection between the Russian and international terrorist groups will no doubt continue to be obscure.

However, it is appropriate to recall that, with the exception of Czechoslovakia, no communist state has been established on the ruins of real democracy: societies must therefore drive men first to authoritarian solutions, and then to authoritarianism. In that way, a communist government would not have the difficult business of destroying judicial, free press, political parties, and so on. By the right-wing dictatorship, another reminder of the difficulty of a time relation which exists between communism and fascism. That was the doctrinal basis for Soviet support for terrorist groups abroad.

development was the cause. Some concentrated on the unequal distribution of property. On the whole, these studies have led to nothing worth while. Most overlook the essential historical angle. They thus forget the obvious fact that, as G. D. H. Cole put it when he said that, in a later age, the anarchists of the 1890s might have been fascists, just as many Latin American terrorists of the 1960s might have been fascists if they had been born earlier: "Terrorism always assumes the protective colouring of the Zeitgeist".

Two general points which are not dealt with in either of these books ought at least to be mentioned. The first refers to the responsibilities of the CIA and of other security services of democratic governments for terrorist activities of which they have approved. The Church Committee showed that political assassination and, by inference, sabotage and political violence had been sponsored by the CIA on several occasions in the 1960s; on March 14, 1960, for example, there was a general discussion in the White House with the head of the CIA and the chief of naval operations present "as to what would be the effect on the Cuban scene if Fidel and Raul Castro and Che Guevara should disappear simultaneously. If there had been a similar discussion in Cuba as to what would happen if John and Robert Kennedy with Robert McNamara were to disappear" that would presumably have been described as a discussion of terrorism. Thus sovereign states who have supported what is conventionally called terrorism have undoubtedly included Western democracies. This subject, however disagreeable, cannot be buried: it can be sure, for example, that all the right-wing terrorist gangs of Latin America, Italy, and Spain at the present time are entirely independent of outside subvention? I do not think that is possible. It may

be that Professor Laqueur and Mr Wilkinson place these enterprises in a different category from those sponsored by the KGB, but the subject should at least be discussed.

Second, there is the general responsibility of governments for what has happened. A hundred years ago there was no doubt much gross poverty and misery in the world, but that era had one great advantage over the present: even in Tsarist Russia, the Austro-Hungarian Empire and other tyrannies, police repression was declining, torture had practically vanished, and the murder of political prisoners, though not unknown, caused inquiries or even international scandals. If we are looking for a reason for the survival and revival of terrorism, should we not look first, before we consider sophisticated theories of deprivation at the level of growth in the number of total governments, left and right, since 1914? I do not have any sympathy at all for modern terrorists, but it cannot be forgotten that they have learnt a lot from their fathers, just as guerrilla fighters have from regular soldiers.

1876 saw the publication of Gladstone's *The Bulgarian Horrors and the Question of the East*. The century of that document and of the outrage inspired by it was not one of the many events which our media, hot-foot for anniversaries, chose to commemorate. Yet it is a measure of the decline of standards of humanity on the part of governments that a similar pamphlet could have been written in 1976 against many of the world's administrations. (Can any terrorist organization be worse than Amin's or the Khmer Rouge's terror state?) The tide of brutality manifest in terrorism is a reflection of the vast brutality practised today on a far larger scale than ever before by governments which pass virtually without protest.

## The Moral Meanings

In a world where political opponents are stood in lines and ordered to smash one another's skulls with a sledge-hammer it seems out of place to write of the scent of the pines, or the beauties of the blackbird and yellow-hammer, or the autotonic poems where the separate lines have absolutely no connection with each other, or even the love poems telling of choice wines. Such things are alien, removed, and utterly other.

The words are the same but the meanings are adrift and the confident message of hope comes out with a stammer, in one there's a let-down, in the other a lift. The evil ones are sure-hearted and never stammer. It is the goodies in the snow who sink into a drift and can never settle on action that is hard and compact, whose resolution begins to founder and shift. With a simple old-fashioned Devil you can have a compact.

Gavin Ewart

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CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS



# The multiple whammy

By Anne Duchêne

BROOKE HAYWARD:  
Hoywire  
325pp. Cape. £4.95.

If your parents bring you up to feel fortunate and privileged and to be blithely confident and true to yourself, while at the same time adorning you to be more than usually enlightened, considerate, long-suffering and high-principled, this concludes what Americans call a "double whammy". If, as here, they are also very potent and talented people whom you love and admire, and if ultimately they fail you, this must presumably count as a multiple whammy. Brooke Hayward's study of her family is about the cost of this to its victims.

She is the elder daughter of Margaret Sullivan, the American actress and film star, now perhaps unfairly forgotten (unfairly, given some of those that are still remembered), and of Leland Hayward, one of Hollywood's leading agents in the "great days back in the 1930s, when Beverly Hills, where they lived, were still sandy desert and rutted roads. They were all—parents, two daughters and a son—very handsome, clever and mettlesome. Their life for a few years mirrored only ease and pleasure and confidence. It all ought to have worked out beautifully if love and good intentions count for

anything. In fact, Margaret Sullivan committed suicide in 1941; her second daughter killed herself within a year, aged twenty-one; her son spent two years before he was twenty in a private mental home where "it was fashionable in those days to send your children when you did not have the time but did have the money".

The book describes the family's founding. Father, who seems to have been a man of captivating vitality, took a kindlier and more relaxed line with everyone, including himself, than the others could ever do. Everything he did prospered. His "stable", as an agent, included Garbo, Garland and Hemingway; when he died, he found the trade decimated, dragged the family away from the West to live on a farm in Connecticut he loathed the rural life, but dutifully modulated into becoming a successful New York stage producer. A perennially for flying led him quite naturally to build an airfield, which in turn led to wartime government contracts for training pilots. He married five times, and survived for long enough to die of natural causes (if overwork be among these). A genuine big nature, he liked his wounds pretty rapidly, and bore his scars handsomely. His daughter Brooke adored him.

She adored her mother, too, at first; everyone did. A great mythologist about more exciting mentioned her parents, a rather modest couple, who visited the children only once and when she

was away; they were from Virginia, and she seems to have inherited or acquired antique Southern notions of civility and femininity—several witnesses refer to the Fitzgeralds—and to have made for herself a rigorous and very romantic notion of what life—particularly her own life—ought to be.

Life was arrogant, quite unable to stop herself trying to bend everything to her will, and fatally incapable of understanding why her intentions, incoherently virtuous, miscarried in practice. She listened always to do all that an enlightened mother in her situation ought to do. She took her family away from its natural base in California to the more seemly East. She made sure, while her children were living there in luxury, that they found a proper contentment for materialism, by owning only old-fashioned cars. She arranged for them to confront death at a tender age, by seeing them decapitated. She insisted they despised the false gods of fame and publicity and allowed her eldest daughter's photograph to be used on the cover of *Life* ("I felt I owed it to you", she said fondly).

She married only four times herself, the first time to Henry Fonda. The Hayward children grew up alongside the Fonda children—whose mother also committed suicide—and the author was divorced, twice, in her early twenties, from Dennis Hopper, the director of *Easy Rider*, which her brother co-produced with Peter Fonda. (This aspect of the writer's life, however, is not an issue here; her subject is her

family.) The children early encountered loneliness, though both parents always sent vociferous assurances of love during their absences. And they were acquainted with violence: not only the copperheads and poison ivy, hidden under American leaves, but the passing motorcyclist who gratuitously killed their first dog, and the plane that crashed in front of them when they went to an airfield. The younger daughter was attacked by two chimpanzees; her mother was carrying a great animal lover as well as nature worshipper. Mother at one time contemplated adopting a chimpanzee. It seems to have surprised the parents when the little girls, aged one and three, had to be carried screaming from King Kong.

"Love" however was always being protested—stiffly applied, like engine oil—and the children were unprepared when the ten-year marriage ended. After that, they lived with Mother, whose tyranny, shaken by the failure but still pro-



An illustration by Chris McEwan and Carol Lawson for a children's book; one of the works in the Society of Illustrators exhibition at Regent House, 82 Piccadilly, London, W.1 (Monday to Friday until December 29). More than 200 of the illustrations are reproduced in *The Society of Illustrators Second Annual (1976-1977)*, published by Studio Vista to coincide with the show.

every escape from captivity, they should select him from among the captors.

Arrested during the London blitz as a little boy roaming the bomb-sites and never going to school, Walter Probyn is a classic product of a punkish society, a kind of tortured, anxious, angry kind. He believes the prison system itself has a vested interest in nourishing a percentage of criminals sufficient to sustain it in perpetuity, and he seems to have half-convicted a number of eminent people that if he is at odds with society it is society which is wrong. A long middle section of the book, really too boring to have been worth its space, reproduces some of his countless, lengthy and repetitive letters to the Parole Board, to Home Secretary and to others, the burden of which can be epitomized in his own description of the Parole Board's first Annual Report: "a disgusting orgy of self-congratulation" (I must get that document out and read it again; I had some hand in its preparation). Is it possible, having produced such a man, over to understand him? Professor Cohen, with his most unusual empathy and perception, seems to get very near.

## Eccentric circles

By Christopher Sykes

CHARLES BURKHART:  
Herman and Nancy and Ivy  
Three Lives in Art  
126pp. Gollancz. £5.25.

The three subjects of this book, Herman Schriver (pronounced Shriver), Nancy Cunard and Ivy Compton-Burnett, are all worth writing about, but no amount of ingenuity can give them a common theme. They were certainly not "three lives in art". Herman and Ivy were both artists, but whereas Herman was an enthusiast for Ivy's art and read all her books and did much to make her famous, Ivy did not care twopenny about Herman's skill as a dramatist. Herman was a writer who had little literary ability, not enough to have lived for a second "in art".

Nancy Cunard, to remember her first was a friend of Herman, but never met Ivy. She occupied a completely separate part of Herman and Burkhardt's lives from Ivy, and really only serves here as a space-

filler, for this is a short book and she gives it a desperately needed extra twenty pages. The little interest that attaches to eccentricity in art, which may be false, her hatred of her mother, though the latter was unlovable, was maniacal. The same is true of her devotion to her causes. The first and always preeminent one was the Negro people from whom she took many lovers; the second was Spanish democracy from which she took a few more lovers; anti-fascism came in a third. By 1965 she was worn out by her excesses. She hated eating and so died partly of starvation.

The major and best part of the book is filled by two essays on Dame Ivy Compton-Burnett by Charles Burkhardt and Herman Schriver. They give a vivid and reliable picture of that brilliant and enigmatic author, with her sleepless observation, her parsimony, her many idiosyncrasies. It is a little portrait drawn by two of her close friends, one of whom, Herman Schriver, probably knew her longer and better than anyone else, having first met her as Margaret Jourdain's dim friend in 1927, after which he never relinquished her. An expert, he tells of

Ivy's taste in food which, like all her tastes, contained surprises. Her curious aversion to spoken French remains without explanation. Her own theory, which may be false, is that she could not understand it at all. I noticed that when anyone used a French expression, even one in common usage, a look of extreme embarrassment would pass over her face.

I and myself in disagreement with Herman on two matters. He says that she was indifferent to art, including literature except for Thackeray and Jane Austen. She has forgotten a recorded talk made with Margaret Jourdain for the Third Programme. I never heard her say anything about painting, but several times heard her talking about writing and writers, though it is true that the subject needed tact. What Herman means, I think, is that, except for the memorable broadcast, she never talked about her own books, unless business left no option. On those occasions she inclined to discuss points impersonally, and with surprising modesty.

The other matter for disagreement is when Herman says that "apart from foaming the drooping of bombs, the last World War

secuted in the name of reason and devotion, became something to be either pined and protected or detested. The author took the first course, the other two the second.

Maman toute entière à sa proie attachée (is, of course, a classic double whammy, and unfolds here slowly, and horrifyingly. The writing is rather effusive, always threatened by high gloss, and every device is used to make palatable reading—verbal conversation, which make it like a novel, and interpolated testimony from celebrated Hollywood witnesses, to give the fashionable air of documentary. It is often also witty or funny, and ultimately its complacencies are overwhelmed by the sense of pain of love disappointed and promise killed. One feels oddly in it the kind we take for granted in the cinema, and the nature of the most popular classics of the Hollywood Hollywood. That period, and that undemanding public, are past. Divorce continues. This is an honourable and very sad ending record of that experience, in exceptional circumstances.

## Conservative stronghold

By T. J. Binyon

P. G. WODEHOUSE:  
Sunset at Blandings  
213pp. Chatto and Windus. £3.95.

*Sunset at Blandings* is the novel on which P. G. Wodehouse was working when he died in hospital on St Valentine's Day, 1975. What we have are sixteen skeleton chapters of a projected twenty-two, together with a further sixty pages of rough notes. These have been edited by Richard Ussborne, who has added to them an essay on Blandings, the Cuckoo Club and sketch plans of the ground and first floors and notes on the text, while Colonel Michael Cobb has contributed a study of the trains between Paddington and Market Blandings, which leads him to make a tentative identification of the latter with Blandings in Shropshire. (Cognate as his arguments are, they have one flaw: the journey

would then entail changing at Wellington, and Lord Emsworth, who always went to sleep on the train, on occasion, have missed the change, and been borne irresistibly on to Walcot, Upton Magna, even Shrewsbury. Yet nowhere is there mention of such an occurrence.)

The plot of the first chapters follows a not unexpected pattern. Vicky Underwood, having fallen in love with an unsuitable young man, is banished to Blandings, Colahad. Threewood smuggles her sister, Jeff Bennisson, into the castle under the guise of a painter come to limn the portrait of Lord Emsworth's pig, the Empress of Blandings; the imposture is discovered and Jeff is thrown out. (According to the notes it was Gully who said "Blandings Castle has impostors like other houses have mico" in *Service with a Smile* the small occurs, as the thought, to Lady Constance Keable.)

Three other couples, besides Vicky and Jeff, find themselves caught in the toils of the Laughing Love-God, and Richard Ussborne suggests, on the basis of the rough notes, how

does not dissuade Mullen from attempting, in a very funny chapter, to steal up the chimney of a rival candidate—an upper-class right-winger, a former PPS and the author of *Fiscal Policies in the European Economic Community*. Mullen advises him, straightfaced, to call the elections, to make Gritton about the business of the trade unions and the blessings of the EEC.

Everyone up here is fed up of strikes and demands for higher pay. . . . Tell them about your plans for the unions and how public expenditure has got to be cut. Give 'em the truth about the advantages of the Common Market and the danger from the Russians. . . .

Joe Ashton is very good at recognizing different types and idiosyncrasies within the Labour movement, the lower the rank, the more the variety. It is surprising in his dramatic skill in expressing his characters' natures and desires, neatly and fairly, with the appropriate style of talking and thinking. He could, probably, write a good novel about the business of the trade unions and the blessings of the EEC. The story of *Grass Roots* is a version of boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy gets girl. For "girl" read "constituency". The principal character is, like Joe Ashton, a stout worker from Yorkshire who gets into Parliament after a successful career in the trade union and in municipal politics. But, the blurb assures us, this novel is not autobiographical. "Had it been, then, author says, he would have made his hero a much nicer man."

It is true that his "hero" is not very nice; but he is nice enough. He has some of the virtues of Dennis Skinner, MP for Bolsover, whose willingness to blurt out incoherent truths earns respect, occasionally, even from *The Daily Telegraph*—when it has finished complaining about Skinner's yellow socks and regional accent.

Joe Ashton, as narrator, is coming on like an old Labour Party uncle. "You're right, lad. Run away. You will mellow all right. Nevertheless, his 'hero', Michael Mullen, MP for Grimsby, can be pretty nasty upon occasion. He is at his nastiest when he is finding his selection, as prospective parliamentary candidate in his home town, against the outsiders. The potential champion is richly denounced by his own trainer, the party agent:

You'd go down very well as a communist in Russia, sending men to the labour camps. But you're a socialist. Never in a million years. You are too young and too stupid to remember Sir Oswald Mosley. . . . Your attitude is that anybody who works hard physically in a factory or a pit is a hero and all the others are the pick and shovel. The pen in the Labour Party badge comes into it, doesn't it? . . .

Mullen's attitude might seem like a backbencher's pipe-dream. Joe Ashton, in real life, has just resigned his position as whip, in order to go for the unpopularity of the power workers in his Basildon constituency. He thus offers a practical demonstration of how to do the job properly, at the same time as he offers this cautionary tale about Mullen's errors of judgment, in a most apt and enjoyable novel.

## Labour intensive

By D. A. N. Jones

JOE ASHTON:  
Grass Roots  
236pp. Quartet Books. £4.50.

When Labour MPs write novels, they often express much self-hatred about their wickedness in leaving the grass roots, the good and suffering working class in their constituencies, and joining the fat cats at Westminster. This may be good for the author's soul, but is not so good for the Labour Party's image. Joe Ashton is a Government whip (until last week, of course) may be trusted to get the balance right. He has exposed many faults in the Labour movement, with fraternal ferocity; but the lower the rank, the more the variety. It is surprising in his dramatic skill in expressing his characters' natures and desires, neatly and fairly, with the appropriate style of talking and thinking. He could, probably, write a good novel about the business of the trade unions and the blessings of the EEC.

Everyone up here is fed up of strikes and demands for higher pay. . . . Tell them about your plans for the unions and how public expenditure has got to be cut. Give 'em the truth about the advantages of the Common Market and the danger from the Russians. . . .

Joe Ashton is very good at recognizing different types and idiosyncrasies within the Labour movement, the lower the rank, the more the variety. It is surprising in his dramatic skill in expressing his characters' natures and desires, neatly and fairly, with the appropriate style of talking and thinking. He could, probably, write a good novel about the business of the trade unions and the blessings of the EEC.

The story of *Grass Roots* is a version of boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy gets girl. For "girl" read "constituency". The principal character is, like Joe Ashton, a stout worker from Yorkshire who gets into Parliament after a successful career in the trade union and in municipal politics. But, the blurb assures us, this novel is not autobiographical. "Had it been, then, author says, he would have made his hero a much nicer man."

would then entail changing at Wellington, and Lord Emsworth, who always went to sleep on the train, on occasion, have missed the change, and been borne irresistibly on to Walcot, Upton Magna, even Shrewsbury. Yet nowhere is there mention of such an occurrence.)

The plot of the first chapters follows a not unexpected pattern. Vicky Underwood, having fallen in love with an unsuitable young man, is banished to Blandings, Colahad. Threewood smuggles her sister, Jeff Bennisson, into the castle under the guise of a painter come to limn the portrait of Lord Emsworth's pig, the Empress of Blandings; the imposture is discovered and Jeff is thrown out. (According to the notes it was Gully who said "Blandings Castle has impostors like other houses have mico" in *Service with a Smile* the small occurs, as the thought, to Lady Constance Keable.)

Three other couples, besides Vicky and Jeff, find themselves caught in the toils of the Laughing Love-God, and Richard Ussborne suggests, on the basis of the rough notes, how does not dissuade Mullen from attempting, in a very funny chapter, to steal up the chimney of a rival candidate—an upper-class right-winger, a former PPS and the author of *Fiscal Policies in the European Economic Community*. Mullen advises him, straightfaced, to call the elections, to make Gritton about the business of the trade unions and the blessings of the EEC.

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"suggested, with subtle daring, by either Mr. Chatter or Mr. Windus and agreed instantly by the other". But it is certainly apt, not only because this is the last of the Blandings novels (which Wodehouse himself would not have wanted to imply), but also because it sits at times, an elegant note. Gully, who once looked upon London as the Earthly Paradise, now cannot stand the place. "Do you realize", he asks Beuch the butler mournfully, "that not a single leg in London has not a spot on it today?" Where, without spats—either plain or Old Etonian—is the Wodehouse young man? Such a one as Monty Bodkin, who, even when not spatted, has "a sort of spate aura" hovering about him. And Gully's memory, too, is not what it was: he has forgotten that he was the original owner of the mustard-coloured face beads that lent Fruity Biffen the air of an Assyrian monarch.

In a tribute to Wodehouse on his earlier birthday, Evelyn Waugh called the gardens of Blandings Castle "the original gardens from which we are all exiled". It seems appropriate that the last novel should have been from the Blandings series, rather than the Bertrams/Jeeves saga. Though incomplete, we know that it would have ended with a timeless scene: the sun about to set, yet never setting behind the battlements of a castle free of intrusive families, societies and loveless young couples, casting a gentle light over Gully lying in the hammock under the cedars with a whisky and soda close to hand; over the immense bulk of the Empress, woffling among the bran mash while Lord Emsworth droops affectionately over the wall of the sty; and filtering in through the window of the butler's pantry to throw a final level ray on the silver and Beuch, who, meditatively sipping port, is about to be an occasional subordinate in the story of Sir Gregory Parsloe-Parsloe and the prawns.

Wodehouse, Richard Ussborne thinks, would not have called this novel *Sunset at Blandings* (a title

gripping, the narrative, with some difficulty, sustains one's interest.

We may wonder what impelled Mr. Lucie-Smith to make this a novel. He might well have followed his biography of Joan of Arc with one of Gilles de Rais, for we could certainly have done with one. There would have had to be more about the trial, of which in fact Mr. Lucie-Smith has very little, so that one is uncertain whether he has consulted the records in Paris, at Nantes and elsewhere, or even the Bessard volume which contains a majority of the documents. Even in a novel, one might have thought that everything should build up to the trial.

If among historical novels we include only those in which real historical figures are at the centre of the action most of the time, it may be doubted whether there has ever been a really good one. The nearest, nearly ideal being perhaps Mr. Gower's *Chivalry* or (despite his controversial side) his *King Jesus*. One reason this is so must certainly be that, in general, the authors of historical novels are inferior writers, untouchable by the standards of nearly inferior in the form as to be almost thescapable. I should, nevertheless, have expected better of Mr. Lucie-Smith. As an art historian, a translator from the French and in one or two other capacities, he has both read and listened to him and never found him less than intelligent. Here, even his command of the neutral prose in which he begins is imperfectly sustained. We find him, for instance, using modernisms like "desecrated" and "unprovoked" and "beat up" and "torture" and "flash-point" and "implant" (77, of a personality). We even find him ungrammatical, giving Gilles, and I remember, Isidore Catherine and I. It is true that for this usage he has Shakespeare's precedent, but we forgive Shakespeare if only because he had in so high degree the gifts specific to a playwright.

The gifts specific to a novelist are not much displayed here by Mr. Lucie-Smith. He will, perhaps, display them when he attempts a contemporary novel. Not, I would say, that those gifts are quickly acquired or by any means important or often may be readily formulated.

The first half of the book is largely concerned with the campaigns, the second half with the discovery. There is a large amount of authentic detail and some apt authentic detail deployed at a nice, steady pace, with a certain amount of detail which is necessarily unauthentic. Though never precisely

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# In the Washington jungle

By Margaret Gowing

**GEORGE B. KISTIAKOWSKY:**  
A Scientist at the White House  
The Private Diary of President  
Eisenhower's Special Assistant for  
Science and Technology  
515pp. Harvard University Press.  
£10.25.

A Scientist at the White House is the diary of George Kistiakowsky (a White Russian émigré who had led the crucial implosion work for the Nagasaki bomb and was a professor of chemistry at Harvard) during a brief eighteen-month period from July 1959 to the end of 1960. Having been deeply involved in defence advisory work, he became Special Assistant for Science and Technology to Eisenhower in the last months of the latter's presidency. A chapter by Charles S. Maier, a historian, on the background to the period is illuminating (apart from its jargon-ridden peroration).

Diaries are difficult to assess because they are written for many different reasons and audiences. Kistiakowsky's was, he states, written to record what was said in his presence by the people he came in contact with and the gist of his remarks to them, so that agreements secured and disputes arising would not be distorted. It was not intended, that is, to embody deep reflections on the state of the world or science, nor apparently was it written for publication. This has some advantages, particularly for specialists, scholars, and for those discussions within the United States government on some very important issues, such as the nuclear test ban, can be followed through while comments on colleagues are unfiltered.

But it also has disadvantages. Some important issues appear and

then fade out. Major reports are mentioned, but their substance is not given. The highest disadvantage is sheer tedium. The diary runs to 425 pages and we are told that in the editing it was thought wise to sacrifice streamlining for the sake of a more complete record. There is much repetition and many allusive references. Many pages are devoted, especially to those unfamiliar with the Washington jungle, since they are thick with names, and with over 100 abbreviations, acronyms and code names. Great concentration is required to distinguish between, for example, ARB, ABMA, AFAC, AICBM, ARBM, ANP, ARDC, ARPA.

Nevertheless all those interested in United States politics, history and administration, in the arms race, and in the relations of science and government should push their way through his uninviting prose for they will learn much. The post of Special Assistant, together with the President's Science Advisory Committee, was created after the first Russian spunk was launched in 1957. This was a recognition of the huge leap in military science and technology which had occurred in the 1950s, with hydrogen bombs, missiles, computers and automation. The scientists, under a cloud after the 1954 Oppenheimer hearings, were very important people again. Kistiakowsky's terms, however, crossed his responsibilities in relation to national security and defence rather than to wider scientific affairs, and in his day, ten out of the fifteen panels of the PSAC were concerned wholly or heavily with defence projects. The PSAC inner ring of scientific expertise was composed very largely, though not entirely, of middle-aged men from the physical sciences.

For the biologists there were only two PSAC panels: a seemingly in-

effective Life Sciences Panel and a Carcinogenic Chemical Additives Panel, set up because of a panic over the presence of trace amounts of herbicide in the cranberry crop, which threatened to ruin the growers. Kistiakowsky was also concerned with some government civilian research programmes but not with those of health, education and welfare, or agriculture. The only basic research programmes in which he was closely involved were, it seems, for high-energy physics, materials research and oceanography.

So the diary is largely concerned with defence programmes and problems and with Kistiakowsky's dealings not only with scientists (from universities, industry and defence departments) but with politicians, the military and to a lesser degree industrialists. The Defense Department, after all, professed an interest in "everything related to research except certain aspects of archaeology". Kistiakowsky says that he was politically conservative and did not doubt the supreme priority of United States national security. His extremely critical account is therefore especially convincing—and depressing.

His experiences revolved round two main issues. First, could the confrontation between the United States and the Soviet Union be relaxed and the arms race moderated? Second, how could the research and development budgets of the defence departments (including space) be controlled? In both issues the struggle was not between hawks and doves—the overwhelming majority of Western people believed that there was indeed a power struggle with the Soviet Union—but between hawks and super-hawks. Kistiakowsky, like Eisenhower in this period, was a cool-minded hawk.

The attempts to moderate the arms race can be seen in the negotiations for a partial test-ban treaty and in attitudes to the missile and space race. The idea of a test ban was floated first by the Russians in 1956 and seriously discussed in interminable meetings between experts in 1958, 1959 and 1960. Late in 1958 Eisenhower had used it to suspend American tests. It was firmly believed that any treaty must cover underground as well as atmospheric tests but monitoring was very difficult, both politically and technically. The American scientists were fiercely resistant to the idea of cheating and the diary gives ample evidence of foot-dragging in the crucial early negotiations, though later the scientists' skill was diverted to improving detection. Kistiakowsky himself believed both that evasion under control was less dangerous than an uncontrolled arms race and that a resumption of tests by the United States was unnecessary for national security. This opinion was violently opposed by the Atomic Energy Commission and the President's own advisers. Kistiakowsky's influence helped to bring about "a tremendous change" in top-level views on these issues, but it was already too late. Almost immediately, new Russian frigidity was either caused, or caused, the shooting down of an American U-2 spy plane in the Soviet Union. Nuclear testing began again in 1961 and the treaty signed in 1963 covered only atmospheric testing.

Ironically, it was information provided by the U-2s that had enabled the President and Kistiakowsky to keep cool about the supposed American inferiority in missiles. Without this information, says the diarist, Eisenhower could not have resisted the military and political pressures for a massive expansion of the strategic arms programme such as occurred in 1961 in discharge of Kennedy's pre-election pledges. These flights had disclosed only moderate Russian testing of short-range and intermediate missiles and no deployment of operational inter-continental missiles. Various diary entries show Eisenhower's attitude to studies on the requirements for strategic forces—figures involving "a ludicrous degree of overkill. On one occasion he heard that productive capacity would permit nearly 400 missiles a year to be made and said with obvious disgust, 'why don't we go completely crazy and plan on a force of 10,000?' Kistiakowsky

adds a note to the effect that in 1976 the United States was indeed approaching a figure of 10,000 strategic nuclear warheads deployed, despite official assurances about breakthroughs in the search for peace.

There were similar differences of opinion about the civilian space effort. Most superhawks believed in cut-throat competition with the Russians, and that the United States's foreign policy could not be successful if they always came second in space. There was great fear of a political outcry if the Russians were the first to put a man in space. The President and Kistiakowsky, both wholly uncompetitive, viewed the prospect with equanimity. Kistiakowsky believed the Russians had manoeuvred the United States into accepting their challenge in the one narrow field where they were superior and that, considering the money involved, the price of all-out competition might be the leadership in more important areas of science and technology.

When, in 1961, a Russian was the first man in space, Kennedy launched his crash programme to get a man on the moon, which had a very debatable social value and cost over \$30 billion. So the arms race continued. No wonder Kistiakowsky tells us that when he took office he saw himself as a technician whose job it was to execute his superiors' policies but that he became sceptical about the policies and more interested in their meaning and objectives than in their detailed execution.

His record of budget discussions on military research and development programmes is equally depressing. Partly this is because the numerous services, departments and agencies were going their own way, although in this period effective central control was beginning to be exercised. Worst of all is the waste of resources which could have been put to so many better uses in the defence programme Eisenhower and his party disliked. Page after page recounts unedifying stories of air defence which cost many billions of dollars and did not become fully operational until the 1970s; of the tanks costing half a million dollars each which the Army rejected after less than a year's use; of the Air Force minimum essential budget which was "an incredible can of worms" of attachment to the B70 aircraft which would be obsolete before it was delivered. Skybolt is a familiar name to the British because Kennedy later promised to supply this missile to Macmillan but then changed his mind. Kistiakowsky tells us that although in 1959 it was energetically promoted by both the contractor and the Air Force it had little substance except on paper.

The technological revolution in weapons was particularly responsible for the various headaches Kistiakowsky also shows that there were plenty of other reasons: the piling of one project on top of another without any attempts being made to evaluate the present usefulness of each; the fact that nobody was willing to make available weapons work but kept changing them and adding new and fancier tricks; the belief that computers could do a man's thinking. And of course there was the strength of vested interests and sniping building among agencies and contractors. Kistiakowsky once suggested, for example, that there was no American space programme, only one to feed the many hungry Space Administration mouths.

The diary provides massive evidence for Eisenhower's famous farewell speech (quoted on the last page) with its warnings against the military-industrial complex. Eisenhower also warned that public policy might be taken over by a scientific-technological elite. Scientific friends thereupon phoned Kistiakowsky to ask whether Eisenhower was turning against science but Eisenhower quickly said that he supported basic academic research and feared only the rising power of military science. Kistiakowsky himself sided with Eisenhower as a supporter of basic research throughout the book and enthusiastic about Federal support for the whole apparatus of scientific fellowships and education. The reader, after 425 pages, may be more dubious.

For scientific and technological exuberance fuelled the arms race and basic research was, as Kistiakowsky emphasizes, a vital ingredient in it. As for turning out more and more scientific and technological products, their profusion misleads research and development projects were generally admitted but even the PSAC was unable to devise any way of correcting it. In such circumstances enthusiasm for yet more science deserves the description which Kistiakowsky here gives to the process of government: "a ring around-the-rosy".

It is not only military science that emerges badly from the diary. There is little respect for the science done in the Department of Agriculture, Commerce and Health or in the National Institutes of Health. The high-energy physicists, that favoured priesthood of basic research, justify each other to get hold of extremely expensive equipment. The diary is full of multiplies several times a year. But at Stanford are said to "pull fast tricks" while some of them have a very undesirable conflict of interest through the shares they own. In Berkeley the great Alvarez is said to have data from his costly bubble-chamber to himself instead of helping other scientists. More than once Eisenhower felt that he might be some "boondoggling" that maybe the supply of talent was exhausted, that second-raters were being given money and not giving the nation its money's worth in return. Once, at a dinner, the Secretary for Commerce launched a (profane) tirade about the dangers of growing Federal expenditure on science, saying that the American people would support almost anything in science but that the government-sponsored programme was going to boomerang. His audience of scientists set appalled but, after reading this diary, one may have a sneaking sympathy with him and share the suspicion that science as a whole had become a rich park-barrel.

## The astral plane

By J. G. Porter

**H. MESSER and S. T. BUTLER**  
(Editors):  
Focus on the Stars  
287pp. Heinemann, £4.80.

The title *Focus on the Stars* suggests the specialized nature of this book, which is an edited version of a course of lectures given in 1972 at Sydney University by seven leading experts in astronomical research. The initial chapters discuss the structure and composition of our galaxy and describe the life-history of various types of stars. Subsequent chapters deal with specific research topics, including the sun's radiation measurements of the diameter and temperature of stars nearby, and the Mariner 9 mission to Mars, which gave such unexpected pictures of the Martian surface.

An interesting chapter explains the structure of microwave radiation from certain molecules in the dark clouds of the galaxy. Some of these molecules proved to be carbon compounds, a result which naturally has biological implications. The possible existence of intelligent life elsewhere in the universe is discussed in detail and the scientific arguments which led to the Oort project are given in full. Another theoretical chapter develops the "evolutionary" theory to account for the evolution of the expanding universe. The science student will certainly benefit from these well-designed lectures. Although they were given five years ago, this does nothing to detract from the educational value of the book with its wide range of inquiry, and the varied style and difficulty of the lectures.

*Science and The Universe* (304pp. Heinemann) is a book of knowledge and interest for the general reader. It is a collection of articles by Sir Alan Cottrell (Science) and Sir Bernard Lovell (The Universe). The book, while forming part of a ten-volume encyclopedia of general knowledge, can also stand alone as a guide to the history of science, the physical sciences and astronomy. Its systematic presentation makes the form of striking visual display accompanied by succinct textual information.

## The dangers of success

By W. G. Beasley

**EDWIN O. REISCHAUER:**  
The Japanese  
443pp. Harvard University Press.  
£9.75.

It is one theme of this book that Japanese and foreigners alike regard Japan as "somehow unique". This is no doubt why both have devoted much time and effort to a search for explanations of its distinctive features. Certainly Edwin Reischauer, a long and distinguished list of Western writers on the subject, ranging from the sixteenth-century Jesuit João Rodriguez, through Lafcadio Hearn to Fosco Maraini. He brings to the task impeccable credentials: born in Japan, he has had a distinguished career as Japanese historian in Harvard and American ambassador in Tokyo. This varied experience has given him a knowledge of the Japanese people, their language and culture, as well as of the contemporary scene that breathes life even into the otherwise routine and familiar parts of what he has to say. The result is a survey outstanding in its quality and compass.

There are both advantages and disadvantages to this kind of one-man view of a society. As an introduction and potentially a work of reference it has many advantages. It is a multi-author work would be, inevitably in some respects incomplete. There are sections on geography, history, social institutions, politics and international relations, which provide a series of urbane and well-informed essays on most aspects of Japanese life. They are encyclopedic in their manner, each more or less self-contained. They can be read in isolation as self-explanatory accounts of particular topics, or the reader, on the other hand, can follow the book as a whole and see how each also contributes to a care-

fully constructed whole. One significant omission is the economy, technical discussion of which is specifically left aside, though there is a good deal on business and on foreign trade. Another is art, which is only mentioned in passing.

Thus, while encyclopedic in manner, the book is selective in substance. It is given coherence by the author's uniformity of outlook, not by any conscious attempt to argue a case or propose a stereotype that purports to explain Japan as a totality. Indeed, to those who already know something of its subject-matter it may for its reason seem bland: consensus history and received wisdom, expressed as far as possible uncontroversially. There is the historian's emphasis on continuity on the long-term shaping of institutions and tradition. There is something of the refinement and systematization that social scientists have brought to the analysis of contemporary Japan in recent years. There is nothing that can be described as a substantially original interpretation of the nature of Japanese society. Nor does there claim to be.

What does emerge that is distinctive is a view of Japan's place in the world, related to an assessment of the country's politics, ideology and social structure. As Reischauer sees it, Japan is partly because of continuity in institutions and attitudes, has managed the transition from a feudal to an industrial stage of national growth in a way that has left its society remarkably stable and smoothly functioning. The highly developed group consciousness and sense of hierarchy that marked pre-modern Japan have found new objects outside the family and village in schools and universities, business and the bureaucracy, thereby helping to maintain cohesion despite the stresses of modernization. Equally, Japan has developed a form of parliamentary politics, involving a balanced relationship between parties, business, and each also contributes to a care-

ful system of democratic rule", even though it differs in important respects from the European and American models that have provided some of its elements. The two things run together, a stable society and a flexible political structure. As a consequence, though it has sometimes been turbulent in recent times, Japan is not in danger of internal disruption.

When one looks at the Japanese political scene, it is hard to find clouds, whether political, economic or social, that really threaten the parliamentary democratic system. The political process, though differing in many respects from the democratic systems of the West, appears to embrace almost everyone and to be thoroughgoing and tolerably efficient.

If the dislocation of traditional institutions has in fact been less disruptive than it is often thought to be, there are other dangers at least equally great. By her very economic success—not only in the past twenty years—Japan, lacking natural resources of her own, has made herself exceptionally dependent on the continuation of a particular kind of world economy in order, in which she can freely import oil and raw materials and export manufactured goods. This order has been and is being affected by political, demographic and ecological trends which bid fair to change it to Japan's disadvantage. If it breaks down, Japan is certain to suffer more quickly and more severely than most.

Other nations might survive widespread disorders and prolonged warfare short of a nuclear Armageddon, but probably not Japan. Others might be little damaged or at least survive a prolonged decline of world trade or failure of it to grow, but again not Japan.

A solution of these problems depends, Reischauer believes, on the degree to which Japan is able to cooperate with the rest of the world and on international skills in

achieving this goal. Unhappily, the Japanese seem to have neither the will nor the ability to act successfully to bring such cooperation about.

Their past experience has not prepared them well for foreign contacts. Their very strengths and virtues, such as their strong self-identity, their extraordinary homogeneity, and their close-knit society, are sometimes handicaps rather than assets when they face the outside world. Their language, which is radically different from all others, is a barrier of monumental size between them and other peoples.

Hence Japan has remained largely passive in this situation, adopting a low-posture diplomacy and pursuing "selfish" economic ends. Far from being a bridge between East and West, therefore, she "needs to do better". The Japanese must show a greater readiness to join the human race. They may well be able to do so, once convinced that their survival depends on it.

One obvious thing about this conclusion is that it is aimed at the Japanese, as the rest of the book is not. That they will vigorously dispute it is beyond question. The eagerness with which they always solicit foreign opinion about themselves, contrasting with their readiness to dismiss it, helps not only to explain the admonitory tone Reischauer adopts—one of the few instances in which he falls into the habits of the Old Japan Hand—but also to ensure that his warnings will receive considerable publicity. For Western readers, however, it is perhaps more relevant to ask whether his optimism about the Japanese response to danger is, likely to be correct. Perhaps seeking to focus controversy in some directions by avoiding it in others, he has refrained from setting out such objections to his argument as may arise from surviving hostile sentiments towards Japan looking back to the Second World War, or from current Marxist thinking, and on international skills in

the tensions within Japanese society. From either point of view it could be argued that aggression by the Japanese of the full extent of the threat from a hostile environment, whether political or ecological, might result, not in a concerted effort at international collaboration, but in an explosion of resentment, turning outwards against non-Japanese, or inwards against the established social structure; in other words, reproduce the conditions from which the Greater East Asia Coprosperity Sphere was born.

It is true that Reischauer recognizes the risk. "No one could guess", he says, "what political changes Japan might follow the shock arising from 'war' or a serious deterioration in the international trading system." It is also true that much has changed since the 1930s. The rise of Communist China has radically altered the balance of power in East Asia. The psychological consequences of defeat, followed by political and social reconstruction under American occupation, have created a new domestic context for Japanese policy-making. Nevertheless, some of the factors that this book identifies as causing problems for Japan today also played a part in the earlier crises: a marked sense of racial difference, capable of breeding extreme resentment against a supposedly prejudicial international order; failures of understanding of the outside world, likely to produce ill-judged responses to it; multiple centres of power within Japan, compounded by group loyalties that may in certain circumstances become divisive, leaving nationalism as the prime unifying force. The weight one gives to each of these elements determines the degree of optimism or pessimism with which one regards Japan's future. That Reischauer chooses optimism without explicitly stating and examining the contrary case, even to reject it, to some extent weakens the impact of his argument. Or possibly one should say that it manifests a characteristically—and informed—American view of Japan since occupation, not widely shared in Europe: confidence, tinged with pride, in the performance of a former enemy, turned protégé and ally.

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bring its ruin, Akhmatova's own private path is

really the high road, its traditional character is purely an outward thing, it is bold and new and, while preserving the appearance of the classical line, inside this it brings about earthquakes and revolutions.

From such poetry there can be an advance to extend the tradition.

This review has, like Chukovskaya's diary, concentrated on the poet and said too little about her interlocutor. Yet the fascination of the diary is not to be explained merely by the many glimpses of Anna Akhmatova in her darkest and finest hour. Lydia Chukovskaya holds no mean place in Russian literature. Her novel *The Deserted House* (or *Sophia Petrovna*, as she calls the book in these pages) was written about the purge almost as it was happening, and scrupulously avoids the slightest note of hysteria. A second novel, *Going Under* (Burke and Jenkins, 1972), set in the last years of Stalin when writers were threatened with the charge of cosmopolitanism, has been the first an epigraph from Tolstoy on the value of truthfulness, and was written in that spirit. She is known in her own country not only for those novels by the public but also for her *Diary* (1964), which she wrote in the charge of cosmopolitanism and her first an epigraph from Tolstoy on the value of truthfulness, and was written in that spirit. She is known in her own country not only for those novels by the public but also for her *Diary* (1964), which she wrote in the charge of cosmopolitanism and her first an epigraph from Tolstoy on the value of truthfulness, and was written in that spirit.

These memoirs, to be followed by a second volume, are likely to prove her masterpiece. They reveal a mind of great sensitivity which is quick to apprehend the essence of place and moment. She has a novelist's eye for the meaning of aspects. Thus for her the classical proportions of Leningrad could bring order to the spirit, while Moscow was an absurd muddle with the contrary effect. (Before going to hear from the jurist about her husband's fate she sought help from the bridges and the clouds over the Neva.) She will note that the moon intensifies the feeling of disaster upon the city, or, hearing the all

clear after an air-raid practice, she goes on to comment: "The cheerful sounds were well suited to the golden leaves outside the window, the bright sun, the blue." And she can bring alive with very few strokes, as once when Akhmatova is accompanied by another woman in the prison queues, "a little thin old lady, her whole face in tiny wrinkles. The angles of her narrow mouth drooping". After this person has gone off to speak to a friend, Akhmatova whispers that her son is Lyova's brother, born a year after him. Both have the hands of Guniyov, Akhmatova's first husband.

The diary is what her novel had been—a personal act of witness. Her own pains and difficulties are there, no less than Akhmatova's, but never in an obtrusive way. After Bronstein's arrest one Karyshov who worked for the NKVD was given his room and Chukovskaya had to shield her seven-year-old daughter from this man's drunkenness on his free days, and there was also his prostitute sister who made her home there. With an anxiety of her own she yet found time to look after the needs of Akhmatova. The last sight of them in the fragmentary concluding pages of the diary is when they arrive at Tashkent, in November 1941. Earlier they had met at Chistopol, where before Akhmatova's coming Mariia Tsvetova made a brief, unhappy appearance. By now her suicide was known. The supreme ordeal had begun for Russia.

It was a fortunate thing that Akhmatova had been evacuated from Leningrad, and equally fortunate that in Tashkent she would have Chukovskaya at her side—the ideal confidante and support for this poet whose strength alternated with such helplessness. The modesty of Chukovskaya's narrative should not be allowed to obscure a double service to Akhmatova, in helping her to cope with so many difficulties, and in recording the life of courage and dignity that resulted in such classical poems.

## Two poems by JOHN PUDNEY

### There May Be Inadequate Cats

There may be inadequate cats  
Just as there are inadequate  
Tug Boat Masters  
Cellists  
Ladies with cloakroom tickets.

A Tug Boat Master may run into  
the biggest tanker in the world  
mistaking it for Tuesday night.

The Cellist may strike that too-deep note  
and pour away through the  
hole in the floor.

A Cloakroom Lady might swallow her  
pins, pile the stuff on the floor and cry  
in a terrible voice: "HELL! YOURSELF  
I'M JUST A PIN CUSHION."

All, as you see, may be  
A bit inadequate  
Over this or that.  
But who has ever heard of an inadequate cat?

### Perennially

Hollyhocks are reminders  
Of mistakes  
Chuckling on draughty corners  
And odd unintended beds,  
Peering, like onlookers cheering,  
Their spiky heads  
Nodding and bowing  
Through the silly season.

All is forgiven. All is forgiven.  
Is their message as the wind  
Bothers and shakes  
Their clown heads;  
But never forget the mistakes.

We very much regret to record the death of John Pudney on November 10.

## Colonizing the Côte

By Nesta Roberts

PATRICK HOWARTH:  
When the Riviera was Ours  
232pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul.  
£5.95.

"It may not be amiss here to consider the causes which render the English so unpopular on the continent; as to the fact of their being so, it is to be feared there can be no doubt." So John Murray's *Hand-Book for Travellers in France*, after suggesting that the first cause of unpopularity was the number of "ill-conditioned people" who, not being able to face the world at home, "scatter themselves over foreign lands", and that the "exaggerated" influence of the English abroad was due merely to their ignorance of foreign languages, Murray goes on to say that Englishmen (but not women?) were liable to cause offence in Roman Catholic churches by "talking loud, laughing and stamping their feet while the service is going on", and that, since they had a reputation for pugnacity in France, they should be "especially cautious not to make use of their fists".

When the *Hand-Book* was published in 1847, the full-blown splendour of the cult of Empire was still well in the future. None the less, the behaviour which Murray describes and castigates was typically colonial, and it was as colonialists that the British comforted themselves through most of the two centuries during which they appropriated the Riviera where, in the early days, most of them had come in search of health; from Smollett, who felt that to travel by the diligence was to "run the risk of being stifled in very indifferent company", to the expatriates of the 1930s when the status of the franc was such that, even after Britain had gone off the gold standard, one could still be passing rich on £300 a year at Cannes, or Nice or Menton.

They could be enlightened colonists, building roads as well as

as Anglican and Presbyterian churches and adorning their villas with flower gardens in spite of the lack of water. It was an Anglican cleric, the Reverend Lewis Way, who inspired the construction of the Promenade des Anglais at Nice, and if Thomas Robinson Woodfield was not the first man to plant socia seeds at Cannes, where he settled in 1838, he was certainly the first to achieve a thriving avenue of acacias. Never did they envisage associating with the French on terms of equality. Miss Margaret Brewster, daughter of a vice-chancellor of Edinburgh University, writing at Cannes in 1855-57, said that the "native female servants" were "stupid, idle, ignorant and far from cleanly", besides being excessively given to hand-shaking. The *Menton and Monte Carlo News*, close on a century later, was still referring to the "native" as "our Celtic friends". The note of bland superiority never faltered.

In *When the Riviera was Ours* Patrick Howarth is good at conveying the atmosphere of that age of lordly certainties, typified by Queen Victoria, who, for her descents upon the Riviera, brought with her home comforts like Irish stew kept lukewarm between red flannel cushions, as well as a posse of "native" servants—discreet second-class servants according to the Aga Khan, who described them as "the kind that the newly arrived or transient European is apt to acquire in the first hotel in which he stays". Though, even if they had been of the calibre of the "admirable and trustworthy" servants to be found in the Viceregal Lodge in India, they would still not have allowed Her Majesty to compete in dotty magnificence with the Russians who frequented the Riviera at the same period, of whom Prince Cherkassky, who employed forty-eight gardeners to change the plants in his flowerbeds during the night because he liked to see a different display every morning, was a fair example.

If the author seems to have rather less relish for the period after the First World War (apart from the section on the activities

## E. R. Dodds

Sir,—I much enjoyed the review of the autobiography of E. R. Dodds by the Provost of Trinity College, Dublin (November 11); but I was surprised to find the Provost, who is not a classical scholar, committing himself to the statement that "one doubts if he [Professor Dodds] will be remembered as one of the towering scholars of the century." As an Oxford man and a pupil of Professor Dodds, it would ill become me to join issue with the Provost on this matter. But I have travelled a good deal around the places where classical scholars are to be found, and have got the impression that most of those best qualified to judge admire few Greek scholars more than the editor of *The Bacchae* and the author of *The Greeks and the Irrational*.

HUGH LLOYD-JONES,  
Christ Church, Oxford.

Sir,—Your otherwise sympathetic reviewer of E. R. Dodds's autobiography, *Missing Persons*, is betrayed by his lack of knowledge of the classical world into writing, "one doubts if he will be remembered as one of the towering scholars of the century."

In fact E. R. Dodds is one of the most influential scholars of his generation; and his book *The Greeks and the Irrational* has done more to shape contemporary understanding of Greek culture than any other single work by a classical scholar.

OSWYN MURRAY,  
JASPER GRIFFIN,  
OLIVER LYNE,  
PENILOPE BULLOCK,  
ANTHONY  
Balliol College, Oxford OX1 3BJ.

## Influences

Sir,—In her review of *Treble Poets* 3 (November 4), Anne Stevenson says that my work shows "too many obvious influences of other poets", and gives two examples. My poem "Gog Power" she says, "sounds like T. S. Eliot's *Waste Land* on Gog and Magog". (Presumably she means the poem "Gog"—it is George Barker who has written on Gog and Magog.) But "Gog" and "Gog" have nothing in common either as personages or as names. One could as well be reminded that Geoffrey Hill has written of King Lear.

Again, my poem "Universal Uncle" recalls a similar poem by Tom Paulin—"presumably the poem 'Arthur', though this seems to be about the poet's own great-uncle, while mine is about Satan. But *A State of Justice*, in which 'Arthur' appears, was published earlier this year, whereas my poem was first published in spring 1974 in the magazine *Meridian*. So it could be rather more plausibly suggested that my poem has influenced

# To the Editor

## Bilbald

Sir,—In reference to your review of the new issue of *Adam* (Century, November 4), the inscription below the 1524 Dürer portrait of Willibald Pirckheimer ("Bilbald Pirckheimer Effigies") shows that, provided the merest acquaintance could address Pirckheimer as Bilbald.

MARIA NAYLOR,  
24 Grovelands Road, Purley,  
Surrey.

## 'An Excursion to Rhodes'

Sir,—In his letter published in your issue of November 11, Professor L. Georgiadis describes the inauguration of his centre as "a formal state occasion". But the invitation which I, for my part, received and accepted, had to do with an academic occasion.

Your correspondent also declares that the programme of the symposium was "circulated in advance among the invited participants". To avoid misunderstanding, let me stress that it was only on arrival at Rhodes, the night before the symposium was due to begin, that participants were given a copy of the programme. It was only then that they discovered the substitution of "Arch" for "Middle Eastern" in the title of the centre—a change which was to prove highly significant. But the list of participants circulated with the programme did not include the names of any foreign representatives, and the programme bore absolutely no indication that the symposium was to be under the patronage and supervision of five Archbishops.

The first symposium session (which followed the "formal state occasion"), when I saw this heavy mob moving in on the conference hall, that I began fully to appreciate what was afoot.

With coy delicacy the ambassador at large described the motto on the programme as "objections to certain features of the programme". I am informed that in the Athenian press he has vouchsafed a different diplomatic explanation for the motto.

ELITE KEDDURE,  
The London School of Economics,  
Houghton Street, London WC2A 2AE.

## Any Excuses?

Sir,—I am compiling a collection of Excuses, subtitled *Lies, Evasions and Deceits*, to be published by Blond and Briggs. Any suggestions would be most gratefully received, acknowledged in the book, and returned.

DIANA PETRE,  
8 Caroline Terrace, London SW1.

## Among this week's contributors

ROBERT M. ADAMS's *Afterjoyes: Studies in Fiction After Ulysses*, was published earlier this year.

BRIAN ALDIS's most recent novel, *Just Orders*, was published this week.

NICHOLAS BARKER is Head of Conservation at the British Library.

W. G. BRADLEY is the author of *The Modern History of Japan, 1963*, and *The Meiji Restoration, 1972*.

PATRICIA BEAN's *Reader, I Married Him*, was published in 1974.

TONY BRADGATE is Assistant Professor at the School of Library Science, Columbia University.

R. B. BOLGAR is Reader in the History of the Classical Tradition at the University of Cambridge.

DONALD BROADBENT's books include *Decision and Stress, 1971*, and *In Defence of Empirical Psychology, 1973*.

JOHN CANSWELL is the author of *From Revolution to Revolution: English Society 1688-1788*, 1973.

NOBMAN CANNON's recent book, *Our Ship*, was published earlier this year.

SIMON DIXON is the author of *War-Horses and Equipment in the Delhi Sultanate, 1971*.

ROBERT FERGUSON is Professor of English at the University of Chicago.

ROGER GARETT's collections of poems include *Caught on Blue, 1970*, and *West of Elm, 1975*.

HENRY GIFFORD's *Pasternak* was published earlier this year.

MARGARET GOWING is Professor of the History of Science at the University of Oxford.

ANITA GREGORY is Principal Lecturer in Education at the Polytechnic of North London.

ALBERTA HAYTER's *Optim and the Romantic Imagination* was published in 1968.

PETER KEATING is the author of *The Working Classes in Victorian Fiction, 1971*.

JOHN MORRIS's collection of poems, *State of Justice*, was published earlier this year.

ROBERT S. WATKINS's *Revolutionary Jews* was published last year.

## 'The Changing Family'

Sir,—Nigel Llewellyn's use of the survival of tombs as a means of measuring a public ideology seems as sound as using the distribution of washing machines in this country during the past three decades as an indication that before 1950 no one washed clothes (Letters, November 4). Surely the first to leap upwards in the number of monuments can be interpreted as the coming into fashion of tombs and tombstones and the eclipse of the monumental brass?

MARGARET BAKER,  
4 Pennyfields, Brentwood, Essex.

## 'The Curse'

Sir,—In their review of *The Curse* (November 4) Peter Redgrove and Penelope Shuttle refer to the possible religious significance of menstruation: "what about the redeeming blood of Christ?" Or is this to explosive an idea for the paperback market?

Charles WILLIAMS made the explicit connection between menstrual blood and the blood of Christ both in prose and in verse. His prose reference to the subject, in Chapter 4 of *The Forgiveness of Sins* (He Came Down from Heaven, Faber, 1950) is published, as far as I know, only in hard covers. He says: "There is also, of course, that other great natural bloodshed common to half the human race—menstruation. That was unclear [according to the Mosaic law]. But it is not impossible that that is an image, naturally, of the great blood shed on Calvary, and perhaps, supernaturally, in relation to it. Women share the victimization of the blood; it is why, being the sacrifice, they cannot be the priests. They are mothers and, in that special sense, vicarious witnesses in the body to the suffering of the body, and the method of Redemption."

Six years earlier, in *Tulliesin in the Rose-Garden* (from *The Region of the Summer Stars*, Editions PL, 1944), he explored this theme in greater depth:

Nay, there, as I looked on the stretched Empire  
I heard, as in a throb of stretched  
the women everywhere throughout  
it job with the curse  
and the altar of Christ everywhere  
offer the grails. . . .

women's flesh lives the quest of  
the Grail  
in the change from Camelot to  
Carbonek and from Carbonek to  
Sarnia,  
puberty to Carbonek, and the  
stanching, and Carbonek to death.  
Blessed is she who gives herself to  
the Journey.

This idea was not considered "too explosive" for paperback publication; the poem appeared in *Charles Williams, Selected Writings* (Oxford Paperbacks, 1961).

G. M. WATKINS,  
16a West Cliff, Pannard, Gower.

## 'The Changing Family'

Sir,—Nigel Llewellyn's use of the survival of tombs as a means of measuring a public ideology seems as sound as using the distribution of washing machines in this country during the past three decades as an indication that before 1950 no one washed clothes (Letters, November 4). Surely the first to leap upwards in the number of monuments can be interpreted as the coming into fashion of tombs and tombstones and the eclipse of the monumental brass?

MARGARET BAKER,  
4 Pennyfields, Brentwood, Essex.

Sir,—Lawrence Stone's belief that parental and marital love was an eighteenth-century discovery is so absurd (can he really hold it?) that only a demographer could seriously put it forward. It is nice to see the TLS (October 21) refuting this error before it can get fashionable. Nigel Llewellyn uses tombs for the purpose; to my mind, epitaphs are equally conclusive.

HUGH BROGAN,  
The University of Essex, Colchester.

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For the Children's and Young Adult Library (Educational). This is a rewarding job as a new library, where books on a wide range of subjects are an important part of the work.

Applicants should be trained Librarians, with a minimum of 3 years' experience. Salary: £3,200-£3,700 p.a. (inc. supplements).

Application forms and further particulars are available from the Director, CRANFIELD INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, 100, Broad Street, London W1P 8LP, returnable by 8th December, 1977.

## BIRMINGHAM

## LIBRARIAN

For the Children's and Young Adult Library (Educational). This is a rewarding job as a new library, where books on a wide range of subjects are an important part of the work.

Applicants should be trained Librarians, with a minimum of 3 years' experience. Salary: £3,200-£3,700 p.a. (inc. supplements).

Application forms and further particulars are available from the Director, BIRMINGHAM, 100, Broad Street, London W1P 8LP, returnable by 8th December, 1977.

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

## LIBRARIANS

## THE BRITISH COUNCIL

Invites applications for the following post: LIBRARIAN (Educational). This is a rewarding job as a new library, where books on a wide range of subjects are an important part of the work.

Applicants should be trained Librarians, with a minimum of 3 years' experience. Salary: £3,200-£3,700 p.a. (inc. supplements).

Application forms and further particulars are available from the Director, THE BRITISH COUNCIL, 100, Broad Street, London W1P 8LP, returnable by 8th December, 1977.

THE COUNTY COUNCIL  
OF WORCESTER

## LIBRARIAN

For the Children's and Young Adult Library (Educational). This is a rewarding job as a new library, where books on a wide range of subjects are an important part of the work.

Applicants should be trained Librarians, with a minimum of 3 years' experience. Salary: £3,200-£3,700 p.a. (inc. supplements).

Application forms and further particulars are available from the Director, THE COUNTY COUNCIL OF WORCESTER, 100, Broad Street, London W1P 8LP, returnable by 8th December, 1977.

KENT  
COUNTY COUNCIL

## LIBRARIAN

For the Children's and Young Adult Library (Educational). This is a rewarding job as a new library, where books on a wide range of subjects are an important part of the work.

Applicants should be trained Librarians, with a minimum of 3 years' experience. Salary: £3,200-£3,700 p.a. (inc. supplements).

Application forms and further particulars are available from the Director, KENT COUNTY COUNCIL, 100, Broad Street, London W1P 8LP, returnable by 8th December, 1977.

LEEDS UNIVERSITY  
LIBRARY

For the Children's and Young Adult Library (Educational). This is a rewarding job as a new library, where books on a wide range of subjects are an important part of the work.

Applicants should be trained Librarians, with a minimum of 3 years' experience. Salary: £3,200-£3,700 p.a. (inc. supplements).

Application forms and further particulars are available from the Director, LEEDS UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, 100, Broad Street, London W1P 8LP, returnable by 8th December, 1977.

## MORLEY COLLEGE

## LIBRARIAN

For the Children's and Young Adult Library (Educational). This is a rewarding job as a new library, where books on a wide range of subjects are an important part of the work.

Applicants should be trained Librarians, with a minimum of 3 years' experience. Salary: £3,200-£3,700 p.a. (inc. supplements).

Application forms and further particulars are available from the Director, MORLEY COLLEGE, 100, Broad Street, London W1P 8LP, returnable by 8th December, 1977.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE  
COUNTY COUNCIL

## LIBRARIAN

For the Children's and Young Adult Library (Educational). This is a rewarding job as a new library, where books on a wide range of subjects are an important part of the work.

Applicants should be trained Librarians, with a minimum of 3 years' experience. Salary: £3,200-£3,700 p.a. (inc. supplements).

Application forms and further particulars are available from the Director, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL, 100, Broad Street, London W1P 8LP, returnable by 8th December, 1977.

CITY OF LONDON  
POLYTECHNIC

## LIBRARIAN

For the Children's and Young Adult Library (Educational). This is a rewarding job as a new library, where books on a wide range of subjects are an important part of the work.

Applicants should be trained Librarians, with a minimum of 3 years' experience. Salary: £3,200-£3,700 p.a. (inc. supplements).

Application forms and further particulars are available from the Director, CITY OF LONDON POLYTECHNIC, 100, Broad Street, London W1P 8LP, returnable by 8th December, 1977.

## THAMES POLYTECHNIC

## LIBRARIAN

For the Children's and Young Adult Library (Educational). This is a rewarding job as a new library, where books on a wide range of subjects are an important part of the work.

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Application forms and further particulars are available from the Director, THAMES POLYTECHNIC, 100, Broad Street, London W1P 8LP, returnable by 8th December, 1977.

## PUBLIC &amp; UNIVERSITY

## LIBRARIAN

For the Children's and Young Adult Library (Educational). This is a rewarding job as a new library, where books on a wide range of subjects are an important part of the work.

Applicants should be trained Librarians, with a minimum of 3 years' experience. Salary: £3,200-£3,700 p.a. (inc. supplements).

Application forms and further particulars are available from the Director, PUBLIC & UNIVERSITY LIBRARIAN, 100, Broad Street, London W1P 8LP, returnable by 8th December, 1977.

THE UNIVERSITY OF  
MANCHESTER

## LIBRARIAN

For the Children's and Young Adult Library (Educational). This is a rewarding job as a new library, where books on a wide range of subjects are an important part of the work.

Applicants should be trained Librarians, with a minimum of 3 years' experience. Salary: £3,200-£3,700 p.a. (inc. supplements).

Application forms and further particulars are available from the Director, THE UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER, 100, Broad Street, London W1P 8LP, returnable by 8th December, 1977.

THE COUNTY COUNCIL  
OF WORCESTER

## LIBRARIAN

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KENT  
COUNTY COUNCIL

## LIBRARIAN

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Application forms and further particulars are available from the Director, KENT COUNTY COUNCIL, 100, Broad Street, London W1P 8LP, returnable by 8th December, 1977.

LEEDS UNIVERSITY  
LIBRARY

## LIBRARIAN

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Application forms and further particulars are available from the Director, LEEDS UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, 100, Broad Street, London W1P 8LP, returnable by 8th December, 1977.

## MORLEY COLLEGE

## LIBRARIAN

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Applicants should be trained Librarians, with a minimum of 3 years' experience. Salary: £3,200-£3,700 p.a. (inc. supplements).

Application forms and further particulars are available from the Director, MORLEY COLLEGE, 100, Broad Street, London W1P 8LP, returnable by 8th December, 1977.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE  
COUNTY COUNCIL

## LIBRARIAN

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Application forms and further particulars are available from the Director, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL, 100, Broad Street, London W1P 8LP, returnable by 8th December, 1977.

CITY OF LONDON  
POLYTECHNIC

## LIBRARIAN

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Application forms and further particulars are available from the Director, CITY OF LONDON POLYTECHNIC, 100, Broad Street, London W1P 8LP, returnable by 8th December, 1977.

## THAMES POLYTECHNIC

## LIBRARIAN

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## PUBLIC &amp; UNIVERSITY

## LIBRARIAN

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Application forms and further particulars are available from the Director, PUBLIC & UNIVERSITY LIBRARIAN, 100, Broad Street, London W1P 8LP, returnable by 8th December, 1977.

THE UNIVERSITY OF  
MANCHESTER

## LIBRARIAN

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Application forms and further particulars are available from the Director, THE UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER, 100, Broad Street, London W1P 8LP, returnable by 8th December, 1977.

## UNIVERSITY OF READING

## LIBRARIAN

For the Children's and Young Adult Library (Educational). This is a rewarding job as a new library, where books on a wide range of subjects are an important part of the work.

Applicants should be trained Librarians, with a minimum of 3 years' experience. Salary: £3,200-£3,700 p.a. (inc. supplements).

Application forms and further particulars are available from the Director, UNIVERSITY OF READING, 100, Broad Street, London W1P 8LP, returnable by 8th December, 1977.

## HOLIDAYS &amp;